

Another Beer by kitten_michael

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

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Summary:

My first time writing for Hopper, I'm sure it won't be my last, I've got such a soft spot for him

Another Beer

"D'you want another beer babe?" You hum looking over at Jim, his eyes are trained on the television watching the biggest game of the year. He had made sure you knew that this was how his Sunday was gonna be and you had told him you were totally okay with that, agreeing to watch it with him despite your lack of knowledge on anything sports related. You had made 7 layer bean dip and ordered a pizza for the two of you, trying to get into the spirit.

"Mhm, thanks darlin'." He says not looking away from the t.v. and he cheers boisterously a few seconds later. A fond smile curls up the corners of your lips as you grab two cans of beer from the fridge and walk back to the couch. Handing one to Jim and cracking the other one for yourself once you've settled down beside him on the couch. You take a sip and then rest your chin on his shoulder, your eyes glancing at the tv watching as the two teams prepare to make another play. Your eyebrows furrow slightly confused but Hop was clearly enjoying it from his constant commentary and you honestly found it adorable.

"Thanks for spending today with me doll." He hums when it goes to commercial, wrapping an arm around your waist and pulling you closer to his side. He presses a soft kiss to your temple and squeezes your hip lightly. "I know this us definitely not your kind of thing." He chuckles his fingers mindlessly rubbing over your side and you blush and smile hiding your face in his neck giggling from his beard tickling you.

"I like spending time with you doin' whatever, even if I have no clue what the hell's going on." You say softly, your words a bit muffled by his neck.

"You're the best." He says his raspy voice makes you warm all over and you sit up to properly place a kiss to his lips, just a light loving peck and you spend the rest of the night curled into his side trying to get into the game but you eventually fall asleep. Jim hadn't noticed at first but he hears soft snores falling from your mouth and he chuckles softly, looking between the t.v. and you for a second before he scoops you up carrying you to bed, kissing your forehead for good measure.

"G'night doll." He whispers softly before going back to the living room to finish watching the game.